THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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THE BRAZILIAN EMPIRE.

DESCRIPTION OF RIO JANEIRO.

[From a Traveller's Journal.]

SEPTEMBER 5, 1795.

THE approach to the harbour of Rio Janeiro is marked by a number of hills, of various forms and heights, and a profusion of small islands. Its entrance on the left or west point is distinguished by a high inaccessible mountain, nearly resembling in shape a sugar-loaf, which it is called. On the right, or east point of the bay, and nearly opposite the Sugar-loaf, there is a strong fort, called Santa Cruz, to defend the entrance, which mounts from 40 to 50 guns. The distance from this fort to the foot of the Sugar-loaf may be about 1000 yards; the height of the Sugar-loaf itself probably 900 or 1000 feet; a high hill within Santa Cruz, and on the same side, is fortified. Another fort, called Fort Sozia, on the west or opposite side presents itself, and a chain of fortifications all along the harbour from the entrance to the town, show how anxious the Portuguese have been to secure it against an attack by sea, and it is yet to be ascertained whether it is possible to get on shore without the harbour, and to approach it by land.

Rio Janeiro, on the coast of Brazil and continent of South America, is situated in 22 deg. 54 min. 10 sec. south latitude, and 42 deg. 43 min. 45 sec. west longitude. It is so called from a river of South America, which rises in the mountains west of Brazil, and running east through that country, falls into the Atlantic Ocean near the city of the same name. It is the principal of the Portuguese settlements in South

America, and is governed by a viceroy, whose power is absolute.

The harbour is very deep and spacious, capable of containing the largest fleet. On each side are mountains covered with vegetation; many of them, especially on the side next the town, or St. Sebastian, (so called from the name of its titular patron) with churches, and other buildings on their summits, which give to them a very lively and pleasing appearance. Immediately opposite to the town the harbour may be about two miles and half broad; of the town itself it may be said that it is regular, and tolerably well built.

The viceroy's palace has no grandeur equal to the idea one is led to form from his power and authority; on the contrary, it strikes one on comparison as mean and insignificant.

The skirts of the town are beautiful, and on the south-west side there is a fine spacious plain called the Campo, which is used as an exercising ground for the cavalry.

Beef, mutton, and poultry, are to be had here; the former cheap, the latter very dear—beef less than 2d. per pound, a sheep 10s. turkey 5s. fowl 2s. 6d. duck 3s. Fruit is in great plenty, especially oranges, with which every garden in the country abounds. Here is a tolerable market, constantly supplied with yams, sallad, rice, &c. few pine-apples are to be procured at this season, which is their spring; their hottest summer months being November, December, and January; even now the thermometer is generally at 72 or 73, and the middle of the day is extremely close and sultry, especially before the sea breeze sets in, which it generally does from ten to twelve o'clock, and continues 'till sun-set.

The Portuguese wisely keep within doors in the day-time, and the women are never seen in the streets until the evening, when they have their parties, tea-drinkings, &c. &c. There are many churches, and five principal convents in Rio Janeiro; three of the latter for men, called the Carmelites, Benedictines, and Franciscans, and two for females, St. Theresa and St. Juda. The convent of St Antonio is complete in all its parts, and the monks appear to live very comfortably, and in good fellowship. The church, and private chapels, which are very numerous, are handsomely decorated. We heard grand mass performed on the occasion of the anniversary of the founder of the order of St. Francis, and experienced great civilities and attention from the monks. The music was good, and composed by an old Portuguese resident at Rio, and the performance by no means contemptible. Our conductor was a monk, born at Exeter, of English parents, their name Bunder, and spoke the English language tolerably, considering that he had been estranged from his native country since the age of eleven. He is at present called Domingo de Nazareth, and appears to

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be well respected by his brethren. By him we were introduced to the superior, a man of a very engaging presence, who was held in great veneration by the monks for his kindness and benevolence; his power expired on the day of our visit, a new superior being elected every three years; and as he owes his situation to the good opinion of the monks of his order, by whom he is regularly ballotted, this circumstance is at once a guard to themselves against the tyranny, and a proof of the estimation in which he is held by his brethren. The convent contains 100 monks of the order of St. Francis, who are very comfortably lodged in different cells: the library belonging to it is spacious, and well filled. Amongst other things, it contains a copy of Latin verses, composed and presented to the convent by Mr. Muir (who had touched here in his way to Botany Bay) as a mark of his gratitude for the kindness he experienced, in which he laments his hard destiny, in being driven from his native country, and regrets the little patriotism that exists in the minds of its inhabitants. The water supplied to the town is brought from about four miles from among the hills through an aqueduct, which, between the mountains on which the convents of St. Theresa and Antonia are built, is supported by a double row of forty arches about fifty feet high, and have a very grand and pleasing appearance; the water is conveyed to a fountain at the foot of the steps leading to the convent of St. Antonio, and afterwards to the great fountain in the centre of the square, near the viceroy's palace, at which all the ships are supplied, and the inhabitants, of course, apply to that which is the nearest to their habitations.

Rio Janeiro produces excellent coffee; but the cocoa and chocolate is considered by the inhabitants of an inferior kind.

It is extraordinary that butter is not to be purchased, and milk very scarce, as the cattle are large, and pasture plentiful. The Guinea grass is every where cultivated, and is excellent fodder. The horses bred here are small and active. The carriages used by the inhabitants are a kind of cabriolet, drawn by two mules, resembling that described in the third volume of Gil Blas, and generally used in Spain. These carriages may be hired by strangers, to enable them to go a few miles into the country. The roads are tolerable, and skirted with houses and gardens, some of which are neat and pretty; and being romantically situated between the hills, which are scattered every where in great profusion, and in various shapes, form altogether a scene highly gratifying to a stranger.

In the Campo before mentioned a spacious building was erected for bull-fights, capable of containing four or five thousand spectators. Its form is octagonal, the two long sides about one hundred, and the six small sides about fifty yards each, and in the centre is a handsome box or apartment for the

viceroy, his family, and attendants, opposite which are seats for the music, trumpets, &c. &c. From the idea I have formed of the knights of Rio Janeiro, I should not expect much gallantry or heroism, and probably their bulls are as tame as themselves.

The natural jealousy of the Portuguese would render them cautious of giving to foreigners any information regarding the state and number of their troops, the situation and extent of their mines, &c. On the subject of their military force at Rio Janeiro, it appeared that there were five regiments of infantry for its defence, each consisting of seven companies, which at 100 men per company, amounted to 3500 men. Three of these regiments were originally from Europe, but not having been supplied with any recruits from Portugal since their first establishment at this place, near twenty four years ago, and the casualties having been supplied with creoles, or the children of the Portuguese settlers, must have considerably degenerated both in spirit and discipline, and are hardly to be distinguished from the two regiments of Rio, which are composed of the European inhabitants, and may be denominated the militia of the place. The corps of artillery is said to consist of a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, and 1000 men; besides which there is a small body of cavalry, whose principal duty it is to attend on the viceroy. There is also a provincial regiment of native Americans employed as guards over the slaves at Rio and the mines. This statement is exclusive of the force stationed in the interior of the country, of which I could not obtain any information.

The mines for precious stones are twenty, and the gold mines thirty leagues distant; the inhabitants on the slightest offences are seized and sent to work in them, and very few of the original inhabitants or natives of South America appear in Rio Janeiro.

The town appears to be populous, and the shops well filled, particularly the druggists, which seems to corroborate the apparent unhealthiness of the climate at particular seasons. A great number of miserable and diseased objects appear in every quarter; and even among the better sort, we see legs swelled to an enormous size, from a disorder incident to this place, and produced no doubt by the excessive heat and want of due circulation.

The mechanics carry on their respective trades in distinct parts of the town, each having a separate street.

The fortifications, commenced in 1738, are more numerous than respectable, and from what I could judge, at a distance, of the artillery mounted on them, it did not appear to be in the best state for service.

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The work of the mines and all ordinary labour is performed by African slaves, chiefly brought from Angola. The government, it is said, import from 10 to 12,000 (Captain Cook says 40,000) annually, to supply the deficiencies arising from the hardship and unhealthiness of the work in which they are employed.

An inquisition is established at Rio, which is said to perform its functions with great severity; and some courts of justice, but the superior court, or that of appeals, is still held at St. Salvador, which was originally the seat of government, but by some accident it was omitted to transfer that court to Rio, with the superior power in 1771.

The custom of all the officers going to the viceroy's palace every day (vide Captain Cook), still continues, as well as the practice of sending guard boats, with an officer and six or seven men to every ship in the harbour.

The inhabitants are very civil to strangers, and those dressed in a military uniform are particularly noticed and respected. On our first landing, it was usual to have a soldier to walk after us, but this ceremony was soon laid aside, and we had cause to regret it, especially when the ladies were in company, as our military attendant was not only useful in keeping off the negroes whom curiosity drew round us, in such numbers as to be perfectly troublesome, but in our dealings in the markets and with the inhabitants, as well as in settling the hire of our chaises, &c. took care that we should not be imposed on, on which account we frequently applied for a serjeant to attend us, and found them uniformly respectful and useful.

The Portuguese reckon their money in rees, an imaginary coin, twenty of which make a copper piece, called a vintin, and sixteen vintins a pattack, or two shillings English. Silver coin has lost its value here, and dollars will be found the most passable money; even this is only 4s. 7½d or 50 rees.

The established salary of the viceroy is said to be 12,000l. a year, but his patronage is very extensive and lucrative, and there is every reason to suppose that it is turned to the best account, so that even a moderate viceroy may in a few years acquire an immense fortune. The viceroy is captain-general of all the troops, admiral of the fleet in South America, &c. and also chief judge, which gives him an influence that does not by any means procure to the inhabitants an equal distribution of justice. The predecessor of the present viceroy, it is reported, amassed the sum of nearly two millions sterling in less than three years.

It appears, notwithstanding the idea of hidden dangers, politically held out by the Portuguese pilots, &c. that the harbour of Rio Janeiro may be entered by a person who before was a perfect stranger to it, without the least risque; the Rodney's boat

boat had five fathoms close to Santa Cruz, and the Henry Dundas, in working out, tacked so near this fort and the Sugar Loaf on the opposite side, as to convince us that the entrance as well as the interior part of the harbour, is perfectly safe. In the middle of the bay, where we were at anchor, there were 19 fathoms, and excellent ground, and we never sounded less than eight in all our working, coming in or going out of the harbour. Captain Cook says there are sunken rocks off each fort (Santa Cruz and Sezia), and that in this port alone there is danger. The distance between the forts he reckons about three quarters of a mile, and remarks that the narrowness of the channel causes the tides to ebb and flow with considerable strength, that they cannot be passed without a fresh breeze. He advises keeping in the middle of the channel. Within the entrance, the course up the bay is first N. W. ½ W. and N. W. about a league N. W. and W. N. W. One league more will carry a ship to the Isle dos Cabors, which lies before the city, and is fortified. She should then keep the north side of the island close on board, and anchor above it, before the monastery of benedictines, which stands upon a hill at the N. W. end of the city. The ships in general anchor here, but our fleet, except the Triton and sugar-ship, took a station in the middle of the bay, opposite the town and viceroy's palace.

A summary Account of the Amount of the separate Articles of the King's Revenue, taken at a Medium in Spanish Dollars.

	Dollars.
One hundred and fifty arrobas of gold, of which, in common years, all the fifths amount to -	1,125,000
The duty on diamonds - - -	240,000
The duty on the coinage - - -	400,000
Ten per cent. of the custom-house - -	350,000
Two and a half per cent. free gift - -	87,000
Poll tax, sale of employs, offices, and other products of the mines - - - -	225,000
The duty on negroes - - - -	110,000
The duty on train oil, salt, soap, and the tenth on the victuals of the country - - -	130,000
Total in dollars or piastres - -	2,667,000

The Unfortunate Marriage; or the History of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley.

(Concluded from Page 56.)

"IT was now," continued Mrs. Hartley, "that a strange fancy took possession of my mind; I determined to see my daughter,

daughter, to see her in public, and to remain concealed myself. I well remembered the natural simplicity of her manners, the chastened modesty of her deportment; I thought I could judge partly from the exterior, whether she was still uncorrupted by the world, whether she was the child of virtue or the slave of vice. Partly concealing my features by a head-dress, composed of a long veil, I joined a lady who lodged in the same house with me, and who knew me only as Mrs. Smith, and accompanied her to the ball for the master of the ceremonies; for some time I sought in vain for my Adriana: Lady Maybury had danced her minuet; the praise and the applause which she received from all the surrounding spectators was lost upon me—I was looking with a mother's longing for my child—at length she came! with all the blushing beauties of modesty and diffidence, I saw her led out by Lord Maybury, who appeared to me at that moment as the most dangerous of created beings. 'Speak ye who best can tell.' Ye mothers say, what were the heart-rending feelings which I experienced at this sight? every look which Lord Maybury cast on you was a dagger affixed in my bosom. When he smiled, I could have rushed forwards to have snatched you from him; and though I saw not a glance of your's which angels might not have beheld with pleasure, yet I eagerly bent forwards to watch your every movement; and *then*, Oh Heavens! I witnessed the last retreating tint of crimson varnish from your countenance; I marked the interesting, the politely tender manner in which Lord Maybury supported your drooping form, and bore you to another part of the crowded room. 'Fainted in his arms!' What will Lady Maybury say to this?' 'Oh, she is a fashionable wife.' 'She is used to these little accidents.' 'She can wink at the little faux pas of her lord; bye and bye she will expect the same politeness on his part.' Ah, Adriana, these were the speeches which were uttered in my hearing: I could stay no longer; the place was insupportable to me—I could not breathe.

"On pretence of sudden indisposition, (I should not say pretence) I hurried home, determined to leave no means unessayed to procure a ticket for the masquerade which I was told Lady Maybury intended to give the succeeding night, and there to find an opportunity of speaking to you. With great difficulty I succeeded in getting a ticket of admission, as my application was so late that tickets were generally disposed of. At a very late hour I went to the Crescent, in the habit of a Madona; it was some time ere I discovered you amongst the motley groupe, and you were then deeply engaged in conversation with a pilgrim, who had neither the air nor the figure of Lord Maybury; I patiently waited for him to leave you, but his place was instantly occupied by a Belvedere Apollo. I asked some of the surrounding masks if the Apollo was not

supposed to be Lord Maybury?—I was answered in the affirmative. He sought you out apart from the rest of the company—he was engrossing your private ear. My feelings were roused to a pitch of parenzy; I ran wildly towards you—I know not what I said, nor what I did—the emotions of my heart overpowered me when you fell senseless into the arms of Lord Maybury!

"I now perceived that I had caused a general alarm, and that I was myself becoming a general object of curiosity; I pushed through the crowd, and made the best of my way home, disordered in mind and body. The chill of the night-air had then a powerful and fatal effect on my fevered frame; I was nearly exhausted when I entered my lodgings. I asked for Davers to assist me into bed; she was gone out—it was of no use to wait for her. Davers had long taken upon herself the entire disposal of her time; she had been the confidante and the abettor of my follies and my vices—and she daily and hourly made me feel that she had been so, by the exercise of that petty and taunting species of tyranny which little minds usually exert over those whose secrets they have held in their keeping. I could not part with Davers; she was the only friend I had—(*friend!* alas! Adriana, what a misnomer was such a term applied to her!) but I deeply repented the having made her so necessary to me, by having put myself into her power. I crawled into bed; in the morning I awoke heavy and unrefreshed, my temples throbbing and my pulse beating—my fever was greatly increased; I rang my bell—the maid of the house attended its summons: 'Send Davers to me.' 'She has not been at home all night, Ma'am.' Ah, my dearest Adriana, I will not recapitulate this climax of my distress: Davers had gone off—she had robbed me of every thing which I had possessed, which was portable—and I was left sick, comfortless, and broken-hearted, with only five guineas in my pocket; I owed more than three of them for the lodgings I was occupying—I immediately resolved to quit them; so discharging my debt to my landlady, I crawled out in quest of some obscure shelter, where I might lay me down and die, unnoticed and unknown. I came to this house, where I daily got worse—worse in body, my child, but better, far better, in mind. I have on this humble pillow had time given me to reflect on all the sins which have stained my guilty days; I have bathed it with my contrite tears, and I have lifted up my heart in secret to him who has graciously promised to hear all those who call upon him, and who desireth not the death of a sinner; *He* has heard me—He brought me to my child, my Adriana, in the moment of bitter suffering, and she has soothed the bed of sickness with her pious care. I am thankful to Heaven for this his great mercy! I shall now die in peace."

" Oh, say not so, dearest mother," said Adriana.

" Alas! my dear girl, you must not wish my life; look around you, Adriana, and see if such a prospect could exhibit one cheering gleam to me: A husband whom I have disgraced and forsaken—a daughter whom I could not suffer to reside with me, although my heart is knit to her by the dearest, strongest ties, confident that in her intercourse with me her character would suffer in the opinion of the world—for the innocent must not hold contact with the guilty. And ah! Adriana, how do I know that, with returning health and renovating strength, my present penitent resolutions might continue; my old habits might return upon me—the world might again put forth its charms—I might—(for feeble are the resolves of frail humanity) I might again become its slave."

Adriana could not speak—she sobbed beside her mother.

Mrs. Hartley daily grew worse, and was become very anxious to hear from her husband at the intervals of her being awake; but her dozings were very frequent, and her declining hours appeared to be free from pain; Adriana never quitted the room but to speak to Mr. Falkland.

One day that the long sleep of Mrs. Hartley had began to alarm her daughter, lest she would wake no more, she was sent for by Mr Falkland: the swoln eyes of Adriana told him the state of her mother, without asking the question. He took her hand, and put her into a chair: a letter lay on the table—" A letter?" said Adriana; " you have, then, a letter from my father, Mr. Falkland? Oh, what comfort for my poor mother."

" No, I have not—indeed I have not," said he, shaking his head, as he hastily caught up the letter, and put it into his pocket—at the same time averting his countenance from Adriana's piercing look of enquiry. She hastily sprang from the chair, and catching his hand, looked up in his face; tears trembled in his eyes " Oh, Mr. Falkland, speak! You have something to tell me! my papa refuses to come; but if it be so, pray, pray now, Mr. Falkland," and she clapsed her beseeching hands together; " pray tell me, for I believe I can now bear any thing!"

" My sweet Adriana," said Falkland, " I know you are a surprising girl—and—and I."

" And what?" asked Adriana; " do not hesitate; dear Mr. Falkland, do not hesitate, I beg of you—for my mama will wake, and then I cannot hear you; and now, pray—I beseech you" and she fell on her knees at his feet—" I conjure you, tell me."

Falkland bent fondly over her, but he lifted his handkerchief to his eyes; then gently raising her, said, " Your father, Mr. Hartley, is not able to come down."

" Not able?" said Adriana, looking with eagerness up to his face; " say he will not, Mr. Falkland."

" No, on my life, my soul, he cannot."

Adriana put her hand to her forehead; " Tell me all—I beseech you tell me all, nor keep me in this agony of suspense!"

Falkland essayed to speak; he said, with a voice subdued by emotion, " Mr. Hartley is ill, my dearest Adriana; he has met with Mr. Harcourt in town, and, at the moment my friend found him out, he—"

" He is dead!" said Adriana, interrupting him; " yes, I see, I know he is dead. Oh, Mr. Falkland," and she almost threw herself into his arms, " teach me how to bear this surprising, this overwhelming shock, and not to let my mother know it," said she, lowering her voice almost into a whisper.

" My amiable Miss Hartley, I can teach you nothing," said Falkland, as he strained her fervently to his breast; " your conduct surpasses every thing I have yet seen in human nature."

Adriana heard him not, she sobbed on his shoulder in speechle-s agony—'till recollecting her situation, and that her mother would probably wake in a minute, and ask for her, she begged that she might be permitted to see the letter, assuring Mr. Falkland of her firm resolution to bear the perusal with composure. Falkland gave it to her—it merely contained the intelligence which he had communicated. Mr. Falkland's friend had, for three days, vainly endeavoured to find out Mr. Hartley's residence; at the moment of his fancied success, he had met him brought to his own door a lifeless corpse, killed in a duel by Mr. Harcourt, who had immediately sought his safety in flight.

" I will not tell my mama, my mama must never know—No! she shall never know it," sighed Adriana, softly whispering, while Falkland's eyes were intensely fixed on her, in speechless admiration of that perfect forgetfulness of self which was displayed by our heroine, even in this hour of bitter trial! Mrs. Lucas now ran into the room,

" I believe she is near gone, Ma'am; she is awake, but you had better come in if you wish to see her once more alive!"

Adriana ran with a swiftness almost supernatural, as she heard these words—Falkland followed her—Death had already taken possession of the once beautiful countenance of Mrs. Hartley; she took the hand of Adriana, and gently grasped it in her's, " My love—my dear, dear child, may the Almighty shower down its choicest blessings on your head, for your goodness to me!" Is that Mr. Falkland! and she took his hand, and joined it with Adriana's.

" Generous, much-injured Falkland, be her friend, continue to be the friend of Adriana!"

" Whilst

"Whilst I have life—whilst I have breath," said Falkland, fervently, and bending one knee to the ground. A convulsive struggle passed over the features of Mrs. Hartley, it was succeeded by a placid smile—she closed her eyes to open them no more!

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 20.

To Annabella.

TO the soul of sensibility, the effusions of the humblest muse are generally preferable to prose. There is in poetry, as well as in music, a certain degree of magic, that never fails to animate the most uninspired heart; much less to afford a gratification to a person of such exquisite feelings as my charming Annabella. I shall therefore make no apology for presenting her the ancient Cornish tale of

Dermin *and* Mora,

Attempted in Verse—by her most devoted.

Derwin, the bold, awakes my plaintive song!
Derwin, from Goran's brave descendants sprung.
Like the brown mountain-oak, that crowns the height,
The stately warrior aw'd th' astonish'd sight;
His dauntless heart, the shafts of fear withstood,
Like the fierce monarch of the shadowy wood.
—The beauteous Mora, from Penlerren's line,
His bosom fired with ecstacy divine;
O'er her lov'd form her auburn tresses hung,
And melting music dwelt upon her tongue;
Her blushing cheeks the rose of health possess'd,
And snowy whiteness graced her virgin breast;
Her virgin breast—more sweet than blossom'd spring!
More soft than down that plumes the cygnet's wing!
—When balmy morn, its orient hues displayed,
Oft from the hamlet's lowland shades they stray'd,
To climb the steep Tregare; and from its height,
Transported, view th' expansive fields of light;
And oft when Eve bedew'd the village-green,
And Cynthia chear'd the solitary scene,
Allur'd by love, they told their tender tale
Far 'mid the windings of Penervin's vale;
Whilst from the twilight umbrage of Rosmeer,
The last sweet warbler charmed th' attentive ear.

—" Daughter of innocence! (the lover cry'd)
Pride of my faithful soul; and beauty's pride!
When shall I lead thee to the hallow'd shrine,
And call (blest thought!) those matchless graces *mine?*
As on thy form I bend my ardent eye,
Hope lights afresh the glowing torch of joy;
Then tell me, Mora! tell me, ere we part,
When wilt thou calm the throbbings of my heart?"
—The blush of innocence, the virgin felt,
Whilst on her lips consenting silence dwelt;
But fate, alas! doom'd all their hopes to die,
And sudden languor veil'd her azure eye;
Swift from her cheeks the rose of beauty fled,
And the pale primrose blossom'd in its stead.
Her Derwin's hand, while tenderly she press'd,
Like billowy ocean hove her lily-breast;
'Till death—cold death—o'erwhelm'd her sinking frame,
Clos'd her blue eyes, and quench'd the vital flame;
Softly in sighs her last sad moments pass'd,
And " Derwin! Oh my Derwin!" was her last.
—" Oh, pillar of my life! (the lover said,
As still he grasp'd the cold hand of the dead,)
Oh, pillar of my life! I soon will free
This captive soul from earth, and follow thee."
Tho' as the lion bold, that roams the wild,
He wept with all the softness of a child;
Tho' oft he put invading wolves to flight,
And many a giant fell beneath his might,
Yet down his cheeks a tearful torrent stole,
Like wint'ry floods that from the mountains roll;
And as a moonbeam thro' the hazy sky,
Dimm'd was the lustre of his piercing eye,
Whilst his big heart, in silent grief involv'd,
Like snow before the rising sun, dissolv'd.
To *weep*, he blush'd not! well it suits his woes,
For *pity's tear* from *valour's fountain* flows.
—In death's cold arms the faded fair one lies,
Whilst midnight-storms pervade the lurid skies,
And o'er her form (alas! how swift the change!)
Voracious worms in busy volumes range.
Her dull cold ear no more her Derwin heeds;
No more her heart with kindred sorrow bleeds;
Closed are those eyes, that beam'd so bright before,
To weep at Derwin's misery—*no more!*
Lo! the wild youth his sad existence spurns,
And o'er her grave, in suppliant sorrow, mourns;
From morn's first blush, 'till night's cimmerian reign,
He sighs, and weeps; but weeps and sighs in vain!

Tho' oft around him sheeted spectres glide,
Still droops he there!—Still flows the tear-swol'n tide.
O'er his pale brow grief spreads its tenfold shades,
And grim despair his hollow eye invades;
Prostrate in woe, on Mora's grave he lies,
And—calling on her gentle spirit—*dies.*

When village-youths their lovelorn story hear,
Compassion sheds a tributary tear;
Around their turf, in mournful groups they rove,
Lament their fate, and emulate their love.

I have met with several poems written by the ancient Welch bards, much in the style of the original from which I have taken the above. It is remarkable that Cornwall and Wales greatly resemble each other, not only in the general appearance of the country, but in the manners and customs of the inhabitants. This tale of Derwin and Mora is undoubtedly a genuine Cornish production; we find in it, *Pen*lerren, *Tre*gare, *Pen*ervin, *Ros*meer, &c. There is a common saying, that

"Tre, Pol, and Pen
Are three Cornishmen."

And I also know the names of very many places beginning with *Ros.*—The ancient language having become long obsolete, I will give you a copy of the apostle's creed, as it was formerly used. It is to be met with in Hals.

Me agris en Du. an Tas Allogollogack, wresses a Neu
I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven
hag doar; hag en Jesu Chrest, ys nuell mab agan arluth;
and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only son our lord;
neb ve concevijis ryb an hairon sperres, genjis ay an Voz
who was conceived by the holy spirit, born of the Virgin
Mareea, cothaff orthaff Pontius Pilat, ve crowsve, maraws,
Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead,
hag bethens; ef deskynas en the Iffran; hag an trysa journa
and buried; he descended into Hell; and the third day
ef sevve arte thort an maraws; ef askynnas en the Neuf,
he arose again from the dead; he ascended into Heaven,
hag setvah wor an dighow dorne ay Du, an Tas Allogollogack;
and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty;
rag ena ef fyth dos the judgge an beaw hag an maraws.
from whence he shall come to judge the living and the dead.
Me agris en benegas spirres, an hairon catholic egles, an
I believe in the holy ghost, the holy catholic church, the

communion

communion ay sans, an givyans ay peags, and sevyans
communion of saints, the forgivenesss of sins, the resurrection
ay an corfe, hag an bewe regnaveffere. Amen.
of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

There was living near Penzance, about twenty years ago, an old woman, called Dolly Pentreath, who talked (or pretended to talk) the ancient Cornish. And about the same time, some old fellow, near the Land's End, sported a similar pretension; but as this was the means of exacting contributions from the *curious*, some of the *knowing ones* think that both these aged *geniusses* merely "tipped them a bit of *gibberish!*"

But that I may not subject myself to the imputation of advancing any thing derogatory to the character of such an eminent piece of antiquity as Mistress Dolly Pentreath, I must candidly confess that I never beheld her much-admired personage. Whether, therefore, her nose was as extensive as *her learning*, or as short as *my belief*; or whether she had any nose at all, I do not pretend to say.—He that *hath* seen her *knows* best!

She was a native of Mousehole, and after living to the astonishing age of 102 years, was consigned to her *mother earth*, in Paul's church-yard.—Her epitaph (which I beg leave to transcribe) does *immense* honour to the *inspired* writer!

"Old Doll Pentreath, one hundred age and two,
Both born and in Paul parish buried too;
Not in the church 'mongst people great and high,
But in the church-yard doth old Dolly lie."

X.

ODE *for the* NEW YEAR, 1808.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

[*Performed January* 18, 1808, *at St. James's.*]

BEHOLD yon lucid orb that seems
Devious thro' æther's paths to stray,
And, while with baleful light it gleams,
Appears to trace no certain way;
No influence mild with genial force
Waits on its desultory course:
But myriads view its streaming hair
Shed death and horror thro' the air,
While even science' piercing sight,
Clear from the mists of visionary fears,
Anxious beholds the erratic stranger's flight,

Lest mingling with the planetary spheres,
It shake the order of the mighty frame,
Destroy with pondrous shock, or melt with sulphurous flame.

Such is, alas! the dread that waits
On savage inroad's wild career,
While trembling round, the peaceful states
Survey its meteor course with fear;
And as the immortal mandate guides,
And points the comet where to stray:
So through the battle's crimson tides
It points ambition's fatal way;
Submissive, both th' eternal's will perform,
As act his high behest the earthquake and the storm.

But as with ray benign and bland
The radiant ruler of the year
Sheds plenty on the smiling land,
Where'er his vivifying beams appear,
Now wakes the roseate bloom of spring,
Fann'd by young zephyr's tepid wing,
Or clothes the wide-expanded plain,
With summer's fruits and autumn's grain;
Or gathering from the watery shores
Sources of vegetable stores,
Renews scorch'd earth's exhausted pow'rs
With balmy dews and gentle show'rs;
So from the patriot monarch's care,
Whose breast no dreams of conquest move,
Founding his glory on his people's love,
And proud to boast unbounded empire there,
The copious rills of peace domestic stream,
Warm glows fair virtue's flame, and bright religion's beam.

O Britain, may thy happy coast,
Tho' loud oppression rage around,
To the applauding nations boast
One shore with peace, with mercy crown'd!
Still may thy hospitable seat
To suffering greatness yield a safe retreat!
For when the sacred fiat of the skies
First caus'd thy sea-encircled realm to rise,
* It bade it an eternal column stand,
Sacred to want and woe from every clime and land.

* Pind. Olymp. VIII. Strophe 2.

QUEEN's

QUEEN's BIRTH-DAY DRESSES,

JANUARY 18, 1808.

HER majesty, as usual on her own birth-day, was not very splendid. Her dress was composed of British point, interspersed with gold Turkish tissue, the drapery tied up with rich pearl bows, and most beautiful gold cords and tassels; at the bottom of the petticoat gold fringe; the mantle of purple and gold tissue, trimmed with gold fringe.

The princess of Wales displayed her usual elegance in a dress of amethyst-coloured velvet; the train and petticoat richly embroidered with a superb gold and silver vandyke border, with a most magnificent diamond-cut steel fringe round the train, and pocket-holes, which, for their peculiar elegance and effect, surpassed all that we ever saw; the drapery most elegantly ornamented with magnificent diamonds, forming wreaths of roses and beautiful stars, the body and sleeves and front superbly studded with diamonds, the pocket-holes and belt richly embroidered, to correspond with the drapery. Her royal highness wore a superb head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers, and looked remarkably well. The whole had a most magnificent effect.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales.—A silver tissue frock, covered with Brussels lace, diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a diamond comb. Her royal highness is very much grown, and improved in person, since last year.

Princess Mary.—A superb embroidered petticoat of gold, upon rich lilac satin; the drapery composed of the same materials embroidered all over, and terminated with massy borders, studded in waves with clear and bright gold, and branches of fancy flowers and vine leaves, tastefully interspersed with thick gold rolio in festoons, as a support to smaller draperies of beautiful black lace, the whole looped up and finished with magnificent gold cords and tassels. In this dress there was tastefully blended the beautiful colours of spring, with the richness and costume of the present season; robe, lilac and gold tissue, trimmed all round with broad gold fringe, body and vest ornamented with gold and point lace.

The prevailing colours were sky-green, azure-blue, puce, damson, amaranthus; and scarlet velvet and cloths were most general and most appropriate for the season.

His majesty in the morning wore his reviewing uniform, and in the evening a field-marshal's full-dress uniform.

The prince of Wales.—A field-marshal's uniform.

The duke of York.—A field-day-suit, first foot guards uniform.

The duke of Cambridge.—Dress coat of guards.

The duke of Sussex.—North Britons' uniform.

DURHAM MUSTARD.

THERE are probably but few individuals now living acquainted with the history of the manufacture of Durham mustard. Prior to 1720 there was no such luxury as mustard, in its present form, at our tables. At that time the seed was only coarsely pounded to a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. In the year abovementioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, residing at Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and to pass the meal through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept for many years to herself, and at the period of her exclusive possession of it, supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis, with this article; and George I. stamped it with fashion by his approval.

Mrs. Clements as regularly travelled twice a year to London, and to the principal towns throughout England, for orders, as any trademan's rider of the present day; and the old lady contrived to pick up, not only a decent pittance, but what was then thought a decent competency. From this woman's residing at Durham, it acquired the name of Durham mustard.

ANECDOTES.

A Modern gentleman, not very much accustomed to books, having made a purchase of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," 12 vols. in boards, took it into a bookseller's shop in Ireland, in order to have it elegantly bound. "Pray, Sir, (enquired the bookeller) what binding would you like best? Would you like to have it bound in Russia?" "Oh! no, no!" replied the man of fashion, "Russia is too far off, I'd rather have it bound *in Dublin!*

AN Irish dentist being lately in a room with a gentleman, who had lost several of his front teeth, observed to him, "I think, Sir, you stand in need of my assistance, for I see you want a few *chairs* in your *dining*-room.

A QUESTION, *by G. Harvey, Jun. of Plymouth.*

REQUIRED two numbers, such that the greater may be equal to the square root of the greater, multiplied by half the lesser; and the lesser equal to the greater, divided by the square root of the lesser.

Answer, by W. T. Dineck, of St. Budeaux, to G. S.'s Rebus, inserted Nov. 2.

THE meaning you'll not long conceal,
The ORANOUTANG it reveals.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. A. Dyer's Anagram, inserted November 16.

SELIM will make your first appear;
A SMILE you next require;
The Christian name is MILES 'tis clear;
And SLIME's a name for mire;
The trees are LIMES, 'tis plainly seen,
To which an I combine;
The same transpose, you will, I ween,
A SIMILE define.

⁂ A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; T. Gill, an officer of excise near Wells; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; J. Whitnell, of Street; H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. M. Giffard, and S. Paull, of Castle Cary academy; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Lewis, and H. Easter, of Poole; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; Thomas Coumbe, Soho, and J. Colley, of St. German's; P. Codd, of Plymouth; J. Hobbs, of Buttshead Mills; John Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. B. of Barnstaple; J. Velle noweth, near Helston; W. Woon, of Grampound; Mary Symons, of Honiknowle House; S. Arnold, of St. Bude; and J. Rowden, of Heytesbury.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to T. Bullock's Rebus, inserted November 23.

WHEN howling Boreas doth tempestuous reign,
Let fancy paint the seaman on the main,
And view him toss'd about from wave to wave,
'Till doom'd, alas! to find a watry grave:
Then with COMPASSION mourn his hapless fate,
And his unhappy lot commiserate.

⁂ Similar answers have been also received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; R. M. Giffard, S. Paull, and J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. Lewis, and Hester Easter, of Poole; H. Ellis, T. Whicker, and Philip Gove, of Exeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Trood, of Bridgewater; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; W. D, of Bristol; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Rowden, of Heytesbury; J. B. of Barnstaple; J. Whitnell, of Street; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; S. Arnold, of St. Bude: J. Hobbs, of Butthead Mills.

A REBUS, *by J. D. of North Curry.*

TELL me, ye knowing and discerning few,
A lovely youth whom great Hercules slew;
A king who did o'er heathen gods preside;
Who o'er the deluge did triumphant ride;
An Indian river fam'd for sands of gold;
And then the god of shepherds must be told;
A quadruped that's very useful found;
An animal that on the hills abounds;
Lastly, a virtue all should keep in mind:
Join these aright an English town you'll find.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines occasioned by the Death of Poll, the favourite Parrot of an intimate Friend.

LET others, in immortal rhyme,
The deathless deeds of heroes chime,
And all their fame extol;
Content, if in the humblest lays
My muse a lowly tribute raise
In memory of poor Poll!

For Poll, of all the feather'd race,
Is most entitled to a place
In Langdon's pleasing page;
One changeless scene the bird has run
Of mirth, of frolic, and of fun,
From early youth to age.

No more shall Bett, in scullion dress,
Her fall'n, fav'rite bird caress,
Nor e'er his song enjoy;
Nor shall the kitchen guests rejoice
To hear him feign the boatswain's voice,
And pipe "all hands a hoy"*

No more his mimic laugh shall cause,
The echoing peals of loud applause,
Upborne on folly's wing;
No more his patriotic throat
Shall usher forth the glorious note,
"God save great George our king!"*

George! thy lov'd name my muse inspires,
And fills my soul with sacred fires,
Poetic and divine;
Long may'st thou live thy people's pride,
And fame, with health and peace allied,
Around thy temples shine.

Pardon the flight—I but impart
The sentiments which warm'd my heart,
And thro' my vitals run;
Knowing poor Poll, if thou could'st speak,
Thou'st open wide thy jetty beak,
And sing as I have sung.

Silver'd with age, outweigh'd by years,
And birds, like men, perhaps, have cares,
Poll sunk beneath the yew;
And all who knew him, hung the head,
With mutual grief, and sighing said,
"Adieu, Poor Poll, adieu!"

Blush man! nor of thy reason boast,
(Since Poll to please has done her most)
And like him live sincere;

That

* These were Poll's favourite expressions.

That mild beneath th' horizon's brink,
The sun of life in peace may sink,
Embalm'd with pity's tear.

Camborne. J. B.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TRIUMPH *of* VIRTUE.

WHAT changes human joys attend!
With threat'ning death in every wave:
No peaceful home, nor faithful friend,
But darkness, terror, and the grave.
Celestial virtue! Blissful fount!
'Tis thy pure stream which never fails.
'Tis truth maintains the highest mount,
When life, with all its pride, prevails.
What tho' condemn'd to waste the hours
In sullen and obscure abode,
E'en there, where death-cold damp devours,
This heavenly gift will ne'er corrode.
Should nature's beauties lay entomb'd,
With joyless desolation spread,
One gentle smile will chase the gloom,
And light the passage to the dead.

Plymouth. S. P. Jun.

Lines, addressed by a Lady to her Husband, on the Morning of his Birth-day.

IN honour to this bless'd, this happy day,
My muse dictates her tributary lay;
Not from Parnassus' fount she hath her art,
Ah! no, her joyous influence is my heart;
My heart, which gratulates you on this morn,
And hails th' auspicious hour you were born.
There are who deify a man unknown;
There are who court all people but their own;
Not so with me, when I your worth approve,
I know you good, and glory in your love.
Oh! may that pow'r, who rules the world's wide sway,
Shield you from harm, and bless each coming day;
Your secret wishes find their destin'd goal,
And every wayward fate—a deadly shoal;
May our dear children share your noble fire,
Be all that I can wish, and you desire!
And your industrious days, in years to come,
Secure to you the sweets of "harvest home."

UT PICTURA POESIS.

SAYS Ned to Tom, "I've drawn your phiz,
"And like you, is'n't, see!"
"Pshaw," Tom replies, "a perfect quiz!
"'Tis uglier far than me."

"If that's the case," says Ned, "I vow,
"That greater merit's due!
"For then I've done what all allow,
"That nature scarce could do."

BEN BRUSH.